SPAWN
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MAY
DIGITAL EDITION
GAH!
COLOR!
McFARLANE
92

image COMICS PRESENTS:

"CROSSING OVER"

story
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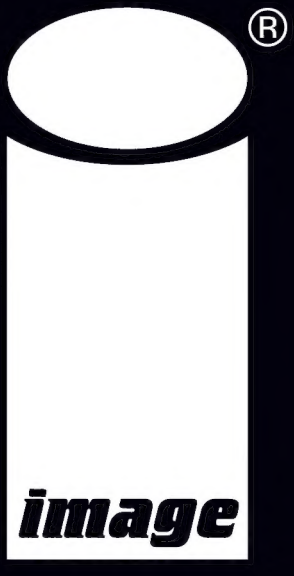
Dedicated to:
DON HECK



FOR IMAGE COMICS
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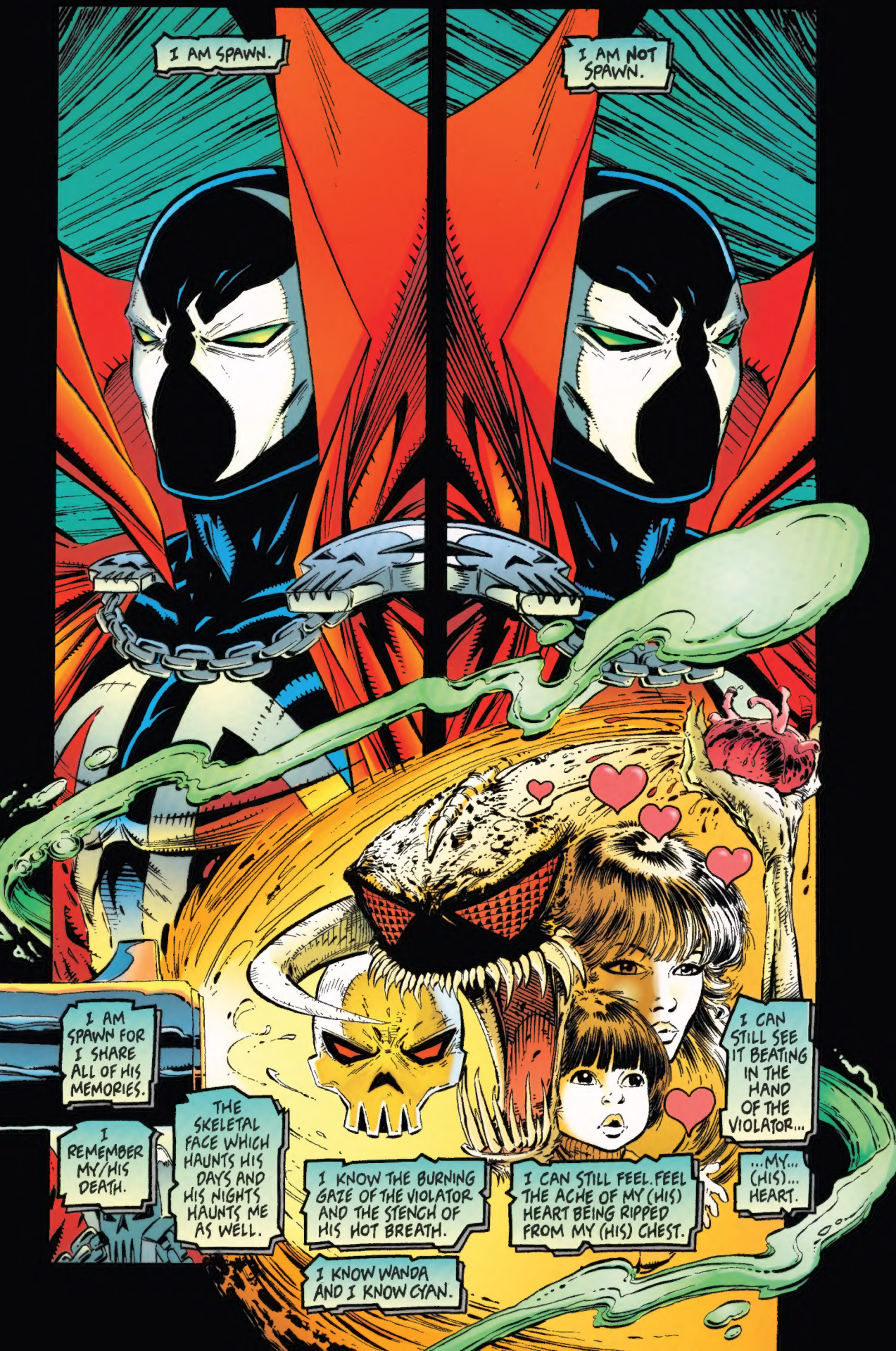
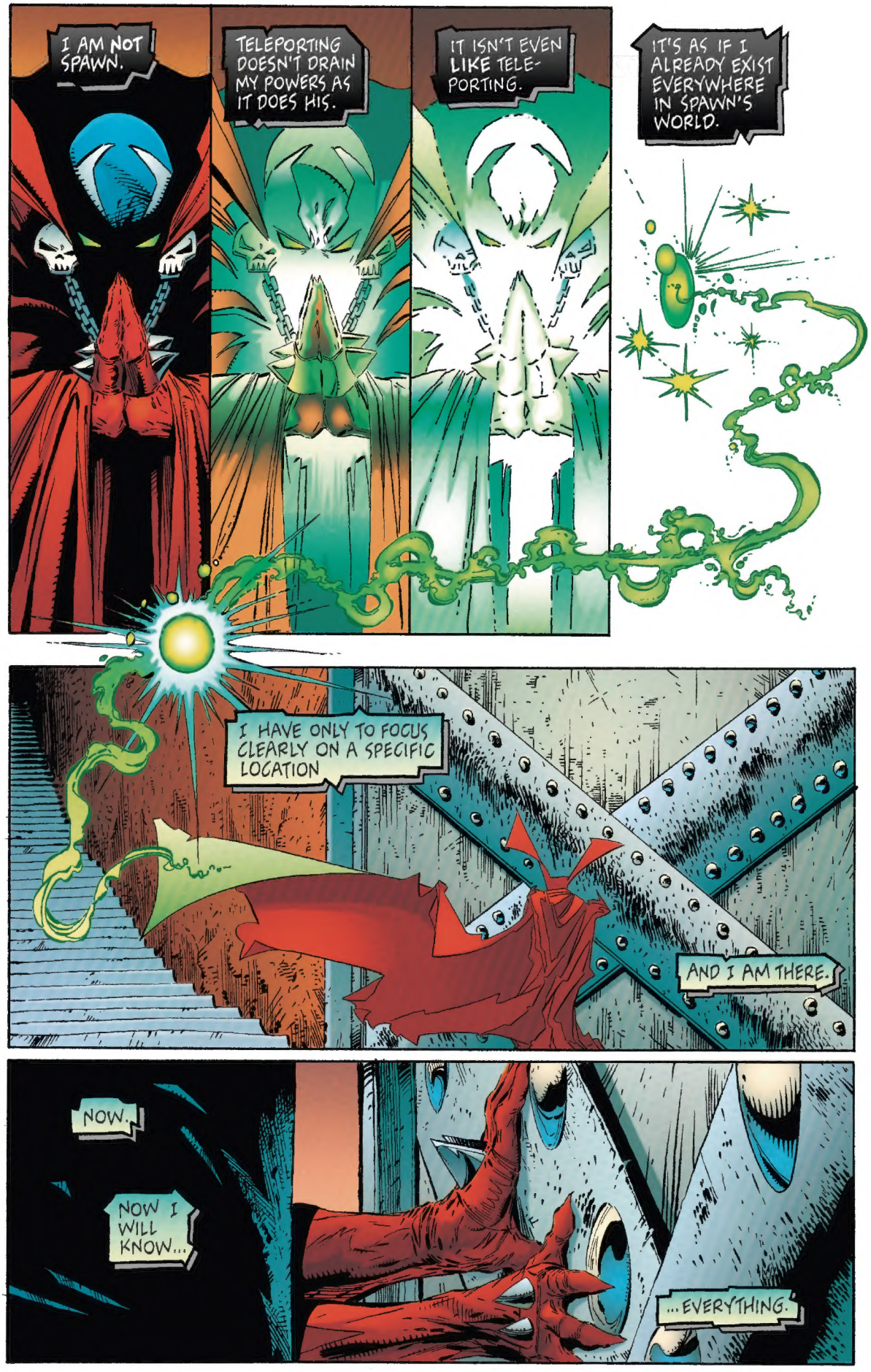

I AM SPAWN.
I AM NOT SPAWN.
I AM SPAWN FOR I SHARE ALL OF HIS MEMORIES.
I REMEMBER MY/HIS DEATH.
THE SKELETAL FACE WHICH HAUNTS HIS DAYS AND HIS NIGHTS HAUNTS ME AS WELL.
I KNOW THE BURNING GAZE OF THE VIOLATOR AND THE STENCH OF HIS HOT BREATH.
I KNOW WANDA AND I KNOW CYAN.
I CAN STILL FEEL. FEEL THE ACHE OF MY (HIS) HEART BEING RIPPED FROM MY (HIS) CHEST.
I CAN STILL SEE IT BEATING IN THE HAND OF THE VIOLATOR...
...MY... (HIS)... HEART.

I AM NOT SPAWN
FOR I KNOW MANY THINGS SPAWN DOESN'T KNOW
I KNOW THE NAMES OF THE TWO DETECTIVES WHO PURSUE HIM...
I KNOW WHEN AND HOW THEY FINALLY MEET.
I KNOW WHY THE LITTLE ONE IS CALLED 'TWITCH'.
I KNOW THE HISTORIES OF EVERY ONE OF HIS FRIENDS AND EVERY ONE OF HIS ENEMIES... I KNOW THINGS ABOUT THEM...
...THAT THEY HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT THEMSELVES.
WHEN SPAWN GOES TO AL SIMMONS' GRAVE ONE DAY...
... AND STRIPS AWAY THE SOD AND DIGS DOWN THROUGH THE DARK EARTH...
...AND OPENS THE LID OF AL SIMMONS' COFFIN...
I KNOW WHAT HE WILL FIND THERE.

I AM NOT SPAWN.
UNLIKE SPAWN, I KNOW EVERY INCH OF THE NETWORK OF ALLEYWAYS WHICH CUT THROUGH THE CITY LIKE A SCAR THAT CAN NEVER HEAL PROPERLY.
I KNOW THAT THE ALLEYWAYS EXISTED BEFORE THE CITY ITSELF DID.
I KNOW THE TOWER IN HELL WHERE THE VIOLATOR DWELLS.
I KNOW EVERY LEVEL OF THE TOWER AND ALL WHO LIVE THERE... SCREAMING.
EVERY LEVEL. EXCEPT...
...EXCEPT ONE.
...EXCEPT LEVEL SEVEN.
...EXCEPT EREBUS.

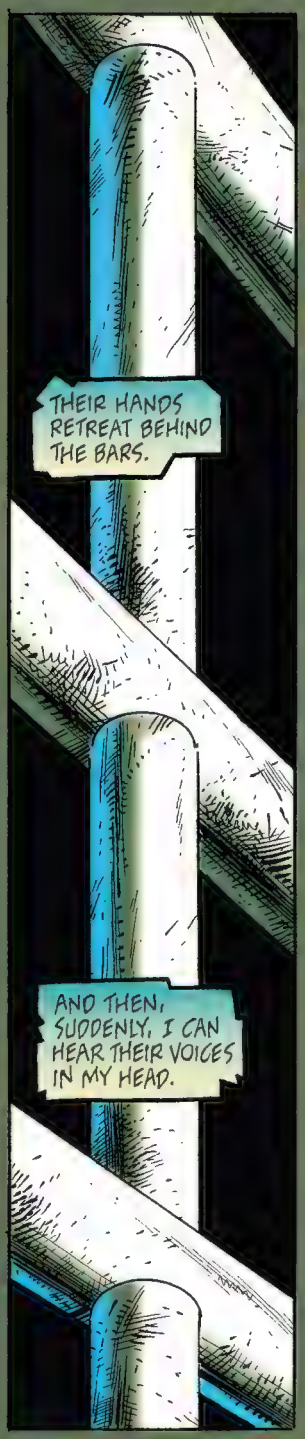

I AM NOT SPAWN.
TELEPORTING DOESN'T DRAIN MY POWERS AS IT DOES HIS.
IT ISN'T EVEN LIKE TELE-PORTING.
IT'S AS IF I ALREADY EXIST EVERYWHERE IN SPAWN'S WORLD.
I HAVE ONLY TO FOCUS CLEARLY ON A SPECIFIC LOCATION
AND I AM THERE.
NOW.
NOW I WILL KNOW...
...EVERYTHING.

IT IS THE ALLEYWAY.
AND IT IS NOT THE ALLEY-WAY.
THERE IS A LINE OF MEN.
THEIR HANDS ARE BOUND BEHIND THEM.
THEY ARE HOODED.
HELPLESS.
I DON'T KNOW THEM...
...BUT I FEEL A CONNECTION TO THEM.
WITHOUT THEM.
WITHOUT THEM SPAWN (I...HE) COULD NOT EXIST.
Oh, God.
Oh, God no.
SOMETHING (FLAMES) LIGHTS THEIR FORMS.
SOMETHING (TERRIBLE FLAMES) BEFORE WHICH THEY TREMBLE WITH FEAR.
I DON'T WANT TO SEE.
BUT I LOOK ANYWAY.
I WANT TO KNOW EVERYTHING.

THEY ARE JUST.
THEY ARE NOBLE.
THEY ARE HEROES
CHAMPIONS.
WATCHMEN.
AVENGERS.
DEFENDERS.
MEN OF STEEL.
WOMEN OF TOMORROW.
GODS OF THUNDER.
CRUSADERS.
INJUSTICE!
(HELP US.)
INJUSTICE!
(SAVE US.)

THEY ARE JUSTICE.
THEY ARE NOBILITY.
THEY ARE TRAPPED...
THEY ARE SCREAMING.
BEHIND ME, THE HOODED MEN TREMBLE.
BENEATH THEIR HOODS
THEY ARE WEEPING.
INJUSTICE! (PLEASE.)
Nooo!

MY POWER LEAPS FROM ME BEFORE I'M EVEN AWARE THAT I'M USING IT! (I AM NOT SPAWN!)
MY POWER IS UNLIMITED AND DOES NOT DRAIN MY ENERGIES! (I AM NOT SPAWN!)
UNLIMITED POWER POUNDING AT THE BARS OF THIS PRISON! (I AM NOT SPAWN!)
UNIMAGINABLE POWER UNTIL THE AIR ITSELF IS AS HEAVY AS THE HEART OF A STAR!
NO EFFECT.
NONE.



A HUNDRED VOICES (TAKE OUR POWER)...

A THOUSAND VOICES (TAKE OUR POWER)...

TEN THOUSAND (TAKE OUR POWER)

WE ARE THE HEROES BORN OF RADIATION. WE CAN DEMOLISH A CITY-BLOCK WITH A SINGLE BLOW.

OUR POWER IS YOURS, SPAWN. TAKE IT!

WE ARE THE HEROES BORN OF THE ELEMENTS OF EARTH AND AIR AND FIRE AND WATER. OUR STRENGTH IS THE STRENGTH OF ALL THAT EXISTS.

OUR POWER IS *YOURS,* SPAWN.

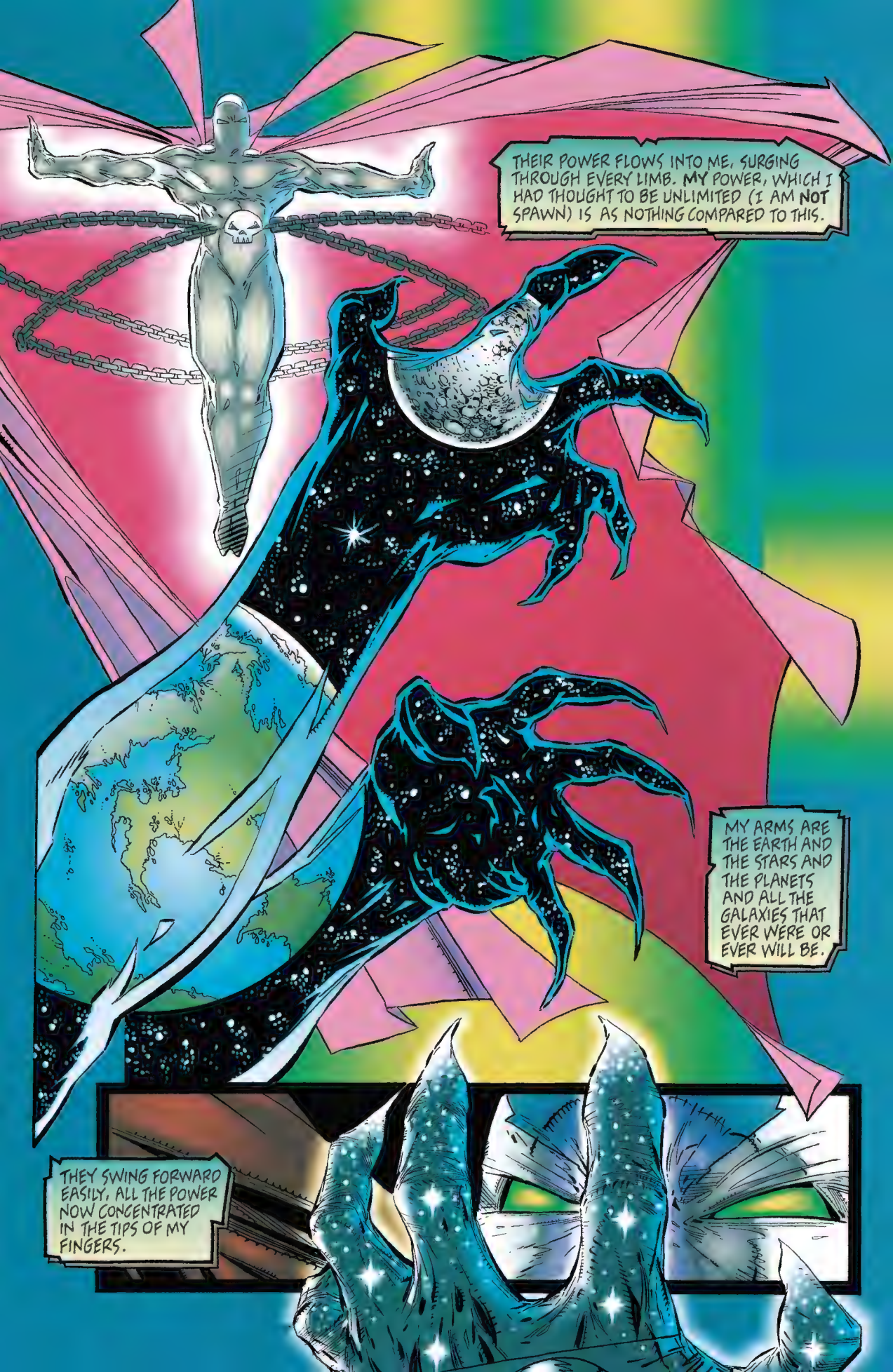
TAKE IT!

WE ARE THE HEROES BORN OF THE MYSTIC REALMS. OURS IS THE POWER OF ANCIENT WISDOM; OUR WEAPONS THE EYES OF GODS, MAGIC RODS TO FOCUS THE POWER OF THE COSMOS, ANCIENT SPELLS; WORDS THAT CAN SHIFT THE VERY AXIS OF THE MULTIVERSE.

OUR POWER IS YOURS, SPAWN.

TAKE IT!

AND THEN... A LONE VOICE. A VOICE FILLED WITH HOPE AND WITH GREAT CARING. STRONG AND NOBLE. THE VOICE OF HE-WHO-CAME-FIRST.
"MY PLANET EXPLODED AND I WAS SENT TO EARTH AS AN INFANT."
THE VOICE IS CALM.
"IT'S UP TO YOU, SPAWN. IT'S NOW OR NEVER."
"MY POWER IS YOURS, SPAWN.
"TAKE IT."
IN MY MIND, HE WINKS AT ME AND FLASHES A BROAD SMILE.
BENEATH MY MASK, I SMILE BACK AND NOD, SILENTLY.

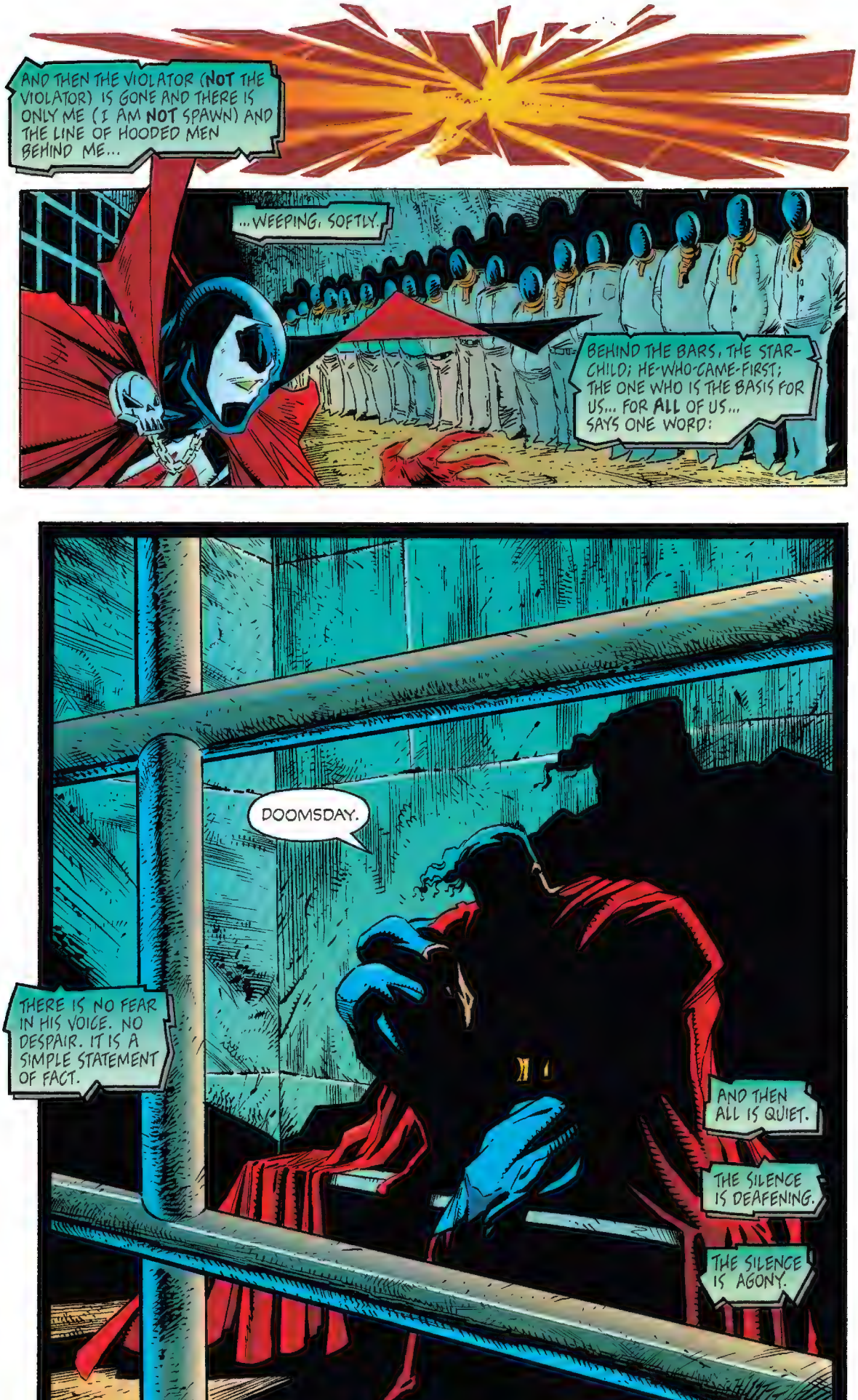

THEIR POWER FLOWS INTO ME, SURGING THROUGH EVERY LIMB. MY POWER, WHICH I HAD THOUGHT TO BE UNLIMITED (I AM NOT SPAWN) IS AS NOTHING COMPARED TO THIS.
MY ARMS ARE THE EARTH AND THE STARS AND THE PLANETS AND ALL THE GALAXIES THAT EVER WERE OR EVER WILL BE.
THEY SWING FORWARD EASILY, ALL THE POWER NOW CONCENTRATED IN THE TIPS OF MY FINGERS.

AND I STRIKE.

NO EFFECT.

NONE.

IT IS THE VIOLATOR (IT IS NOT THE VIOLATOR). A WOMAN'S FIGURE WITH THE VIOLATOR'S HEAD, BLIND-FOLDED; HOLDING A SET OF SCALES.
IN ONE OF THE PANS, ALL THE WEALTH OF THE WORLD.
IN THE OTHER A BLACK, SHRIVELLED HEART, AWASH IN TEARS.
YOU FAILED, BUDDY BOY!
YOU FAILED! HA HA HA HA HA
YOU FAILED!
YOU FAILED!
YOU FAILED!
YOU FAILED!!
HE WEARS A LONG DRESS MADE OF DOLLAR BILLS.
THERE MUST BE A BILLION OF THEM.
MORE, PROBABLY.


AND THEN THE VIOLATOR (NOT THE VIOLATOR) IS GONE AND THERE IS ONLY ME (I AM NOT SPAWN) AND THE LINE OF HOODED MEN BEHIND ME...
...WEEPING, SOFTLY.
BEHIND THE BARS, THE STAR-CHILD; HE-WHO-CAME-FIRST; THE ONE WHO IS THE BASIS FOR US... FOR ALL OF US... SAYS ONE WORD:
DOOMSDAY.
THERE IS NO FEAR IN HIS VOICE. NO DESPAIR. IT IS A SIMPLE STATEMENT OF FACT.
AND THEN ALL IS QUIET.
THE SILENCE IS DEAFENING.
THE SILENCE IS AGONY.

SPAWN.
C'MON.
LET'S GO.
BUT I HAVE TO SAVE THEM! I...
YOU CAN'T.
IT'S BEST NOT TO *THINK* ABOUT IT.
CEREBUS HAS BEEN HERE FIFTEEN YEARS.
CEREBUS *KNOWS*.
WHO...
WHO ARE THEY?
SUPER-HEROES.
LIKE YOU.
AND... THESE MEN...?
THEIR *CREATORS*. THE ONES WHO SOLD THEM.
LIKE CEREBUS SAID.
IT'S BEST NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT.

C'MON.
CEREBUS WILL TAKE YOU HOME.
X
STOP FOR PEDESTRIANS
MARKET SQUARE
I LIVE... HERE?
NAW. THIS IS CEREBUS' HOME... KITCHENER. USED TO BE CALLED BERLIN... THIS IS KING AND SCOTT STREET.
CEREBUS GREW UP HERE.
PETER'S PLACE IS ON YOUR LEFT.
CEREBUS SPENDS A LOT OF TIME THERE.

EVERYTHING IS... GRAY.
MM. BLACK AND WHITE AND GRAY.
SPAWN.

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE...
YEAH. WELCOME HOME.
HOME? MY HOME?!
SUNKEN LIVING ROOM. A WHOLE BUNCH OF BEDROOMS. FIREPLACE. GRAND PIANO.
AND ABOUT A MILLION HOCKEY CARDS.
GREAT VIEW OF MOUNT HOOD. HOT TUB. SATELLITE DISH.
YOUR WIFE WILL BE HOME SOON. HER NAME'S WANDA, TOO. NO BIG SURPRISE.
SHE'S A HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER. A REAL LOOKER, TOO. YOU'LL SEE.
OH. AND YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE THIS...

YOU AND WANDA HAVE A DAUGHTER.
DADA!
HEY, IT'S OKAY.
LET IT OUT.
HOW... HOW...
YOUR CREATOR IS STILL WITH YOU. HE DIDN'T SELL YOU.
DADA!
IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT.

WHAT IS IT, BABY, HUH? WHAT IS IT?
HER NAME'S CYAN.
CYAN.
THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL NAME.
SHE'S...
...BEAUTIFUL.
BABIES ALL LOOK LIKE WINSTON CHURCHILL TO CEREBUS.
HEY. TO EACH HIS OWN.
SKTCH SKTCH
THIS IS WONDERFUL. I FEEL LIKE I'M DREAMING.
YOU'LL GET USED TO IT.
CAN YOU STAY?
I'VE GOT A MILLION QUESTIONS TO...
RRR NNG

HELLO? WHO?
OH.
IT'S FOR YOU.
HELLO? HEY, MIKE. WHUSSUP?
YEAH YEAH, SURE... I'LL BE IN AFTER THE LEAF GAME.
YEAH... THEY'RE AT HOME WITH DETROIT THIS WEEKEND.
YEAH. I'LL SEE YOU THEN.
LATER.
DADDY'S HOME, BABY. DADDY'S HOME.
THANKS FOR THE INVITE, SPAWN, BUT... uh... FOUR'S A CROWD, Y'KNOW.
LISTEN... I... UH... THANKS.
DON'T MENTION IT. TELL WANDA CEREBUS SAYS "HI"...
I SURE WILL.
I SURE WILL.

KLICK
KLACK
HI, HONEY! I'M HOME!
DID YOU HAVE A NICE DAY?
YES, WANDA.
YES, I DID.
I HAD A... BAD DREAM, I THINK. BUT... YOU KNOW...
...IT'S BEST NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT.
♪ DADDA! DADDA! ♪

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Todd McFarlane

CEREBUS
is trademark
and copyright
Dave Sim

Forever

NEXT: *FRANK MILLER*

Tyrant Lizard Kings
EMPIRE